

cums 'ome rich you can pay 'em me back, an' the interest. An' now, my lad, *don't* 'e forget to do right. Our pason's a rum 'un, I know, but what 'e *says* is right, an' the Bible 'e preaches out of is right. *Stick to it*, lad, an', whatever cums, don't 'e forget the *Proverbs o' Solomon*. You've *often* heard me quote 'em." And then, waxing quite solemn, and wiping a tear from his eye, he lifted his hands over the lad, and said: "God bless 'e, my boy. May the Almighty, who is a deal broader an' bigger than some o' His friends in Little Bubbleton, be with 'e, an' take care on 'e forever. Amen!"

Edward loved queer old Master Catchpole, and felt so affected at parting with him that he dared not stay to take a formal farewell, but at once rushed off to hide his emotion. Without loss of a moment he struck into the high road for Bristol. As he passed the "Bear" he gathered from the words of a group of men who conversed before the door that the young Squire had safely reached his home. At this news all his late remorse left him; his old feelings of bitterness returned with increased force; and, as he watched the lights through the windows of the distant Hall, he muttered between his teeth: "Would that the place were on fire, so that the nest of oppressors might be burned out. My mother will soon be 'ouseless, an' I'm a vagabond runnin' from home, an' all through their wickedness. Ah! if I *do* come back, I'll make it 'ot for 'em, see if I don't!" And, shaking his fist at the Hall in his bitter but puny wrath, he passed on under the shadow of the woods.

We will not follow him in his journeyings, but will content ourselves by saying that at the end of a weary fortnight he succeeded in persuading a ship's captain, who was just sailing from Plymouth to Melbourne, and who was hardly put to it to make up his crew, to take him over for such help as he could render on the way.

The experiences of the first week need not be chronicled, and, indeed, could not be; they are from any point of view, better imagined than felt or described. But the voyage was a wonderful one to Edward Barton. It opened up the earth and sea to him as a new world; but it did infinitely more than that—it changed his whole manhood, and "lifted him and his destinies upwards for evermore," which fell out in this wise: On board the ship in which he sailed was a little band of missionaries, all of whom were men of God, but one of whom was a remarkable man in many ways. He had been wild and reckless as a youth, then the leader of a desperate band of smugglers on the Cornish coast, had been converted to God in a Cornish revival, and was now on his way to preach in distant lands the wonderful Saviour he had found in his own. When the weather permitted services were held on Sundays upon the deck of the vessel, and the evening service was always conducted by the young Cornishman. On the second Sunday evening Edward Barton was among the audience. The night was superb. The vessel sailed quietly on under a light